

The Tragedy of Hamlet

This above all, to thine owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night to day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.

Pol. The time invests you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marrie well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you
You doe not understand your selfe so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Unfitted in such perillous circumstance:
Doe you beleewe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophel. I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your selfe a babie,
That you have ta'n these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe too, goe too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord with almost all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. I, springes to catch Wood-cockes; I do know
When the blood burnes how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tedder may he walke
Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moments leisure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophel. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeed, I heard it not: it then drawes neere the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. *A flourish of Trumpets, and two pieces goe off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his rowle,
Keepes wassell, and the swaggering up-spring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry is't,

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